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February

10¢

# the Lone Ranger



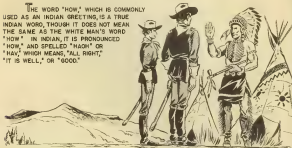
# Indian Lingo

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

THE POTLATCH IS AN INDIAN CEREMONIAL OR PARTY GIVEN A HOST WHO DISTRIBUTES MANY GIFTS TO ALL GUESTS, IN ORDER TO GAIN FAVOR AMONG HIS PEOPLE. AN INDIAN, EVEN THOUGH WEALTHY, HAS BEEN KNOWN TO MAKE HIMSELF POOR BY THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS. HOWEVER, HE WILL EVENTUALLY GET BACK MANY MORE GIFTS THAN HE GAVE AWAY AT HIS POTLATCH, FROM OTHER CEREMONIALS TO WHICH HE WILL BE INVITED. THUS HE OFTEN GAINS MORE WEALTH THAN HE HAD ORIGINALLY.



THE WORD "HOW," WHICH IS COMMONLY USED AS AN INDIAN GREETING, IS A TRUE INDIAN WORD, THOUGH IT DOES NOT MEAN THE SAME AS THE WHITE MAN'S WORD "HOW." IN INDIAN, IT IS PRONOUNCED "HOW," AND SPOELLED "HAOH" OR "HAY," WHICH MEANS, "ALL RIGHT," "IT IS WELL," OR "GOOD."



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# The LONE RANGER

## IN THE MASKED LADY

AS THE DANGER-BEAST TRAIN ROLLS FOR A CLIMB, SUDDENN...

THERE'S THE TRAIN, CLERY RED—RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

AND GROPPI'N IT POINTS IS RIGHT ON MY SCHEDULE!



IN THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR...

HERBY GRABS ALIVE! YOU'LL NEVER GANG AT THE DENVER OPERA TONIGHT, BIRD TEENYBOP, IF HE HANGS ANY MORE SLIPPER SHOWS FOR BUFFALOES ON THE TRACKS!



THERE WEREN'T ANY BUFFALOES ON THE TRACKS—BUT **HANKS** HAD SOME COMING FROM THE SHEDS! IT'S A **HOLDUP!**

THOSE DALLADOES DIDN'T KNOW THIS TRAIN WAS CARRYIN' CATTLEHORN BACK FROM A CONVENTION! LET'S GIVE 'EM A **LEAD** WELCOME, BOYS!



DON'T FORGET THE WOMEN UP FRONT!

DOWN LADIES! HERE THEY COME!



THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

CAREFUL, BOYS! THEY'RE ALL HITTIN' THE FLOOR!



GET UP AND REACH! WE MEAN BUSINESS!

HANDS UP, WE!



BOYS, THEY'RE SLINGIN' TOO MUCH LEAD!

BACK! I'LL GRAB THIS GUY FOR A SHIELD!





FIVE HORSES RIDE  
HEAD, THEN STOP---  
THEN THEY RIDE  
'TROT PLenty FAST!

THERE ARE FIVE MEN IN CURLY'S  
GANG! WE'LL RIDE WEST AND HOPE  
THE TRAIL HOLDS OUT TILL WE  
CAN CATCH UP TO THOSE KILLERS!



STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU  
ARE AND REACH!

THE SHERRIFF!



THEY SAY THE CRIMINAL  
RETURNS TO THE SCENE  
OF HIS CRIME! KEEP 'EM  
HIGH, TALKIN'--- YOU  
WITH THE MASK--- TAKE  
IT OFF!

W-WHICH WE DON'T  
ROB THE 'TOWN!  
WE'RE LOOKING FOR  
CURLY RED'S TRAIL!



MORE LIKELY YOUR FACILL MATCH ONE  
ON THE POSTER OF CURLY'S GANG  
WHEN YOU UNMASK! TAKE IT OFF OR  
I'LL RIP IT OFF MYSELF!

TOOT!  
TOOT!



TOOT!  
TOOT!

STEADY, BOY! DOWN!



SAFE, FELLER!

QUICK, TONTO! CROSS  
THE TRACKS!























YOU AIN'T FLASSIN' DOWN THE TRAIN!

OWH!



WANT TO PLUG ME, BOSS?

NO! SHE'LL BE WORTH A LOT TO US! SHE'S JUST GOT BUCK FEINER! AFTER THIS JOB, SHE'LL TOUGHEN UP! LET'S STAY WID IN THE GULLY!



HEAAAAA... WHAT SHINE BRIGHT UNDER RAILROAD BRIDGES!

IT'S A SAW! THEY'VE CUT THE TREESTLE! THE GANG MUST BE IN THE GULLY BELOW!



THEN FIRE!

GUARD THIS EMPLOYER WHILE I SET UP ON THE TRACKS ABOVE THEM!



DOWN! SOMEONE'S SHOOTIN' AT US FROM THE END OF THE GULLY!

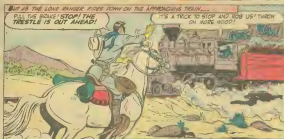
STAY HERE AND COVER ME! I'LL GET AT THE BUSHWHACKER ONCE I MAKE THE TRACKS ABOVE!













# RED CLOUD'S First Battle

RED CLOUD OF THE SIOUX WAS ONE OF THE FEW CHIEFS WHO REALLY OUT-GENERALLED THE AMERICAN ARMY. IN 1866, THE ARMY DECIDED TO BUILD A CHAIN OF FORTS ON THE BOZEMAN TRAIL IN WYOMING. COLONEL B. CARRINGTON WAS IN COMMAND WHEN CONSTRUCTION STARTED.

WITH ONE FORT PARTIALLY COMPLETED, RED CLOUD GATHERED HIS SIOUX, BLACKFEET AND CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOES TO DESTROY THE FORT.



WOODCUTTERS CAME UP LODGE TRAIL RIDGE TO CUT TIMBER FOR THE FORT. RED CLOUD PLANNED TO USE THEM TO DEEDY A LARGE NUMBER OF SOLDIERS.



ON THE DESIGNATED MORNING, RED CLOUD HAD WARRIORS ON EACH SIDE OF THE TRAIL NEAR THE CREST.



THEN RED CLOUD SENT A FEW WARRIORS TO ATTACK THE WOODCUTTERS.



COLONEL CARRINGTON DISPATCHED FIFTY INFANTRYMEN AND SEVENTY-SEVEN CAVALRY TROOPERS.



WHEN CAPTAIN FETTERMAN'S COMMAND REACHED THE WOODCUTTERS, THEY FOUND THEM UNHARMED. THERE WERE NO INDIANS.



UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF RED CLOUD'S LIEUTENANT CRAZY HORSE, A PARTY OF INDIANS APPEARED, MOVING SLOWLY UP THE TRAIL.



THOUGH COLONEL CARRINGTON HAD WARNED, "UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES PURSUE THE INDIANS OVER LOUSE TRAIL RIDGE," CAPTAIN FETTERMAN FOLLOWED.



THE TRAP SPRANG. IN A VERY FEW MINUTES, THE ENTIRE COMMAND WAS KILLED.



AT ONE TIME CAPTAIN FETTERMAN HAD SAID: "GIVE ME A SINGLE COMPANY OF REGULARS AND I CAN WHIP A THOUSAND INDIANS. WITH EIGHTY MEN I COULD RIDE THROUGH THE SIOUX NATION." HE RODE ONLY FIVE MILES THAT MORNING.



REINFORCEMENTS WERE DISPATCHED THAT SAME WINTER. RED CLOUD'S SECOND BATTLE WAS SOON TO FOLLOW.



# WHEN THE EARTH OPENED



STANLEY, INC., BY  
WILLIAM MORTIMER & LEO B. CO.

HO-TAI, the Sinagua Indian boy, had an arrow ready on his bowstring, and a good view, through the sagebrush stems, of the big jackrabbit that he had been stalking. Inch by inch, he raised himself so that his arrow would clear the brush. Slowly he drew the bowstring to his ear—

And in that same instant the world rocked! Ho-tai fell over, his arrow flying straight up, his shoulder digging into the dust. The flat, sagebrush plain heaved sickeningly.

Then all was still. After a minute, Ho-tai got to his feet. The jackrabbit was gone, but everything else looked the same. Ho-tai tried to remember what he had eaten that morning—he still felt a little sick! Perhaps he had better go home and lie down a while . . .

He took three steps—and the ground heaved again! Ho-tai staggered, broke into a

run. A third shock knocked him flat. As he lay there trembling, a long crack opened in the ground before him. It yawned blackly, then closed with a mighty snarl, like a giant's lips. Where the lips came together, a ridge of earth was pushed up. Terrified beyond thinking, Ho-tai leaped the ridge and ran.

He was out of breath when he reached the cornfields. Here many small cracks crisscrossed the ground. From one of them came a spurt of black smoke, and flying cinders. The earth was growling and shaking like an angry beast.

"It wants to eat me!" Ho-tai thought. "If I can reach home, I will hide under a buffalo robe, and the hungry earth cannot find me!"

Ahead of him people were running. They were running toward the round, flat-topped earthen mounds that were their homes. Some of them carried the stone-bladed hoes with which they had been working their gardens. Ho-tai's home was the last house in a long, scattered line—still half a mile away! The smoke coming out of the earth was so thick over that way that he could hardly see the house at all.

Suddenly a great red-and-orange flame shot up toward the sky. In its light, Ho-tai's house stood out clearly—even the ladder that stuck up out of the entrance-hole in the flat roof!

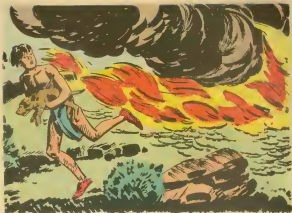
Human figures appeared, climbing the ladder—Ho-tai's mother, with her baby in one arm . . . then Be-nakin, his father, carrying a big bundle. They slid down the sloping mud wall of the house. They began to run.

THE EARTH WAS HUNGRY! It growled and opened its great jaws and licked out with a tongue of flame! Its black breath hid the sun!

People were climbing out of the nearer houses now, carrying baskets and earthen pots; weapons, clothing, ornaments. They halted, and turned, in spite of themselves, to watch the huge fountain of liquid fire that towered up behind the house of Ho-tai. And Ho-tai stopped to gaze with them. A river of fire was flowing down the small hill that had grown up around the base of the fire-fountain. A river that writhed away like a snake toward the village!

"My son! My son, you are safe—!"

Ho-tai felt his mother's hand on his arm. He heard the sob of relief in her voice. He looked past her to his frowning father—who



was very angry because he, too, felt afraid.

"Let us run!" gasped Nee-kuo, his wife.

"Come, Ho-tai, my son!"

But Ho-tai stiffened, as if struck with a war club.

"Wait!" he cried out. "Where is Tuku—my puppy? Have you got him in your bundle?"

"No!" snapped Be-nakini. "Of course not! What good is a puppy with a broken leg when one has to run for one's life! HAIL COME BACK!"

A louder growling of the earth drowned out his mother's shrill scream of protest, as Ho-tai raced away. Tuku—beloved Tuku, with the trusting brown eyes, and the poor, broken leg that Ho-tai had bandaged—TUKU MUST NOT DIE!

The last escaping villagers hardly spared him a glance as he darted past them. Now only his own home lay ahead—sharply outlined against the volcano's glowing, growing cone. The writhing river of fire had almost reached it. But there was still time!

Like a young antelope, Ho-tai bounded to the low roof—to the ladder, which felt hot to the touch.

"Tukul Tukul!" he called as he dropped into the cool, dry pit that made the first floor.

An eager whimper answered him. A small wet tongue touched his hand. With the wriggling little body snug under his arm, he climbed back to the roof.

Fierce heat blasted at Ho-tai, as he reached the roof's edge! The river of fire had flowed almost around it! As he hesitated, a thin trickle closed the chole. Little Tuku whimpered.

"Don't be afraid! I'll save you, Tukul!" the boy promised, his fear suddenly gone.

His leap carried him clear, but heat waves stabbed at his bare back. Another earthquake shock gripped the tortured ground and shook it. This time, though he staggered, Ho-tai did not fall.

"Don't worry, little Tukul!" he panted. "The earth is hungry—but it cannot run so fast as Ho-tai! I will save you . . . and one day, when your leg is well again, we will run races together!"

Tuku gave a happy wriggle. His brown eyes danced, and his small wet tongue flicked out to touch his master's chin.



# YOUNG HAWK



SILENTLY, THE OLD WARRIOR, HIGH CLOUD, LEADS HIS YOUNG FRIENDS, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK, AWAY FROM THE SLEEPING AZTEC GUARDS AND THE SOUND SLAVES THAT HAVE BEEN THEIR COMPANIONS....

WAIT, HIGH CLOUD! I---  
CAN GO--- NO PARTNER---  
TILL I REST!

I'LL HELP YOU, LITTLE  
BUCK! WE ARE NOT YET  
SAFE!

LEAN ON  
ME, TOO,  
LITTLE  
BUCK!

THANKS,  
YOUNG HAWK!

ONLY ANOTHER MILE!  
THERE'S A LITTLE CAVE  
AND A SPRING WHERE WE  
CAN REST AS LONG AS  
WEED BE!

EXHAUSTED AND HALF STARVED, THE BOYS'  
STRENGTH SOON RIVES OUT

EE-OW!  
EE-OW!  
TIP!

TUMBLEWEED!  
OH! I THOUGHT  
I WOULD NEVER  
SEE YOU AGAIN!

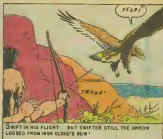
I HAD TO BE  
HID HERE---  
OR I COULD  
NEVER HAVE  
RESCUED YOU!

OH, TUMBLE-  
WEED---  
TUMBLEWEED!

EE-OW!  
EE-OW!  
EE!

IN HIS DARKNESS, THE LITTLE DOG BREAKS  
THE NEWS







THE EAGLE'S WING GROUPS TO THE SKYING. AGAIN HIGH CLOUD'S SOMETHING NEMO!



THE SUTHER HANITOU HAS MADE MY "MEDICINE" STRONG! TONIGHT, I AND MY SONS WILL FEAST!



DURING THE NEXT TWO DAYS, THE BOYS EAT, REST, AND MAKE CRIVERTY OF THE REMAINING ANTELOPE MEAT... HIGH CLOUD MAKES MOCCASINS FROM THE ROUSE-TANDED HIDE.



WHY ARE WE HEADING NORTH SO SOON, HIGH CLOUD? THE SLAVE TRAIL WENT THAT WAY!

WE MUST GET BACK TO THE RIVER AND OUR HIDDEN CANOE, LITTLE SUCK.

THE THREE GAT THEY SET OUT, GREATLY REFRESHED...

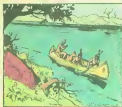


WE WILL TAKE CARE NOT TO CROSS THE TRAIL OF THE ATECCH! THE RIVER IS OUR ROAD TO THE WEST, AND LANDS AS YET UNKNOWN!



THERE IS THE ISLAND WHERE WE LEFT OUR CANOE, GRANDFATHER!

AT LAST THE BROAD BLUE WATERS OF THE BIG GRANGE APPEARS.



DAY AFTER DAY, THE THREE ADVENTURERS PUSH ON UPSTREAM, FIGHTING NO ENEMIES THE EVER-CHANGING RIVERSHANKS LURE THEM ON AND ON.



SOMETIMES THEY HAIL THEIR BRAGS AROUND DANGEROUS RAPIDS



SOMETIMES THEY MOVE THROUGH A ROCKY GORGE...



AND THEN, ONE EVENING...



FOR AN INSTANT, THE DARK FORM OF A BUFFALO IS OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKY...



THEN, WITH A SOUND LIKE NIAGARA, A TORRENT OF BEASTS FLOODS OVER THE RIVER. THE TRAGIC END OF A STAMPEDE!



CROWDED WITH THE SURVIVING BUFFALO, THE RIVER BECOMES A DEAD-END.



YOUNG HAWK'S PADDLE BREAKS! THE CANOE TURNS END-FOR-END.



AND AS DARKNESS FALLS AND THE FIRELIGHT DANCES OUT OVER THE BLACK WATER, OUTDOOR APPETITES ARE FINALLY SATISFIED!



WITH A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF MEAT, THE CANOE FORGES ON DEEP IN THE RIVER'S BIG BEND, THEY REACH A RAPIDS AND GORGE THAT STOPS THEM



OUR PADDLING IS ENOUGH, MY SONS---UNLESS YOU WISH TO TURN BACK?

TURN BACK? YOU KNOW US BETTER THAN THAT, HIGH CLOUD!

IT ISN'T JUST THAT TURNING BACK WOULD BE DANGEROUS! WE WANT TO GO ON--- SEE NEW PLACES--- MEET NEW ADVENTURES--- BEFORE WE TAKE THE LONG TRAIL FOR HOME!



THEN WE LAND HERE AND GO AFOOT!



GOOD-BYE, OLD CANOE!

TAKING ONLY A FEW NECESSITIES, YOUNG HANK AND HIS COMPANIONS TURN THEIR PACES WEST AND NORTH, FOLLOWING THE WILDERNESS RIVER...



FOR TWO MORE WEEKS, THEY KEEP CLOSE TO THE RIO GRANDE, WHERE THE HUNTING IS GOOD AND TRAVEL EASY. ONE AFTERNOON, YOUNG HANK SIGNALS A WARNING.



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A WATER-WORN BOULDER, A YOUNG HUNTER AND HIS PRETTY SQUAW ARE STARTING TO CUT UP A DEER.



YOUNG HAWK SIGNALS "WE WILL GO AROUND AND NOT FRIGHTEN THEM! AFTER ALL, WE ARE STRANGERS."

"YOU ARE WISE, MY SON!" HIGH CLOUD SIGNALS BACK.



AHH!

DEER!

BUT, WITHOUT WARNING, AN ARROW FROM THE GRUBB UPSTREAM STRIKES THE YOUNG MAN IN THE SIDE...



YA-HA!

YEE-HOO!

BURSTING FROM COVER, FOUR FIERCE APACHE WARRIORS FOLLOW THEIR MURDEROUS ARROW!



YEE-HOO!

YA-HA!

HAH!

DESPITE HIS WOUNDS, THE YOUNG PUERLO GETS OFF ONE ARROW THAT SCORES.



YA-HA! SHOOT FAST, LITTLE BUCK!

AND NOW THE SONS OF FIERCE WARRIOR AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE THWACKING!







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